

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 21.

Boston, March, 1889.

No. 10.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

"The Rosedale boys were coasting in March, down 'Short's Hill' onto the river, and little *Teddy Short* was walking on the ice, when the gorge above them broke and the water and ice came rushing down. All the other boys stood or shouted in horror, but *Jim Hadley* leaped onto his sled, shot down the hill, reached *Teddy* before the water did and saved him. It was a brave rescue.

[We are indebted to "*Golden Days*," Philadelphia, for this picture].

\$300 PRIZE TO EDITORS.

In December "*Our Dumb Animals*" I had the pleasure, as President of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," of offering to the College under-graduates of our American Colleges and Universities a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "*The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*." Since that time we have



"A BRAVE RESCUE."

been busily engaged in sending to the libraries of our three hundred and forty-six American Colleges and Universities bound volumes of this paper, and other humane publications, and to the individual students in those Colleges and Universities a four page supplement to this paper filled with condensed information on the subject.

I now have the pleasure as President of "The American Humane Education Society" of offering to American Editors in the United States and Territories, a prize of three hundred dollars for the best essay sent me for publication on the same subject, namely:

The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime. The Essays must be sent in an outer envelope, enclosing an inner sealed one containing the name and Post Office address of the writer. These will not be opened until the Committee to whom they are referred have decided to which the \$300 belongs. All that do not draw the prize will be returned if writers so request, and inclose return stamps. The writer of the successful Essay, if it is deemed worthy of publication by the Committee, will receive \$300, and the Essay will be widely published with the name of the writer. All Essays must be received at this office, on or before October 1, 1889.

A copy of this paper, also condensed information similar to that sent to Colleges, will be sent to the Editors of all newspapers and magazines in the United States and Territories. Every Editor who by letter or postal card requests it, will receive without charge various publications on the subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

Sailors believe religiously that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favoring conditions, 200 miles an hour.

GRAND HYMNS.

A writer in the *Tribune* notes it as an interesting fact that no really great hymn is sectarian. The masterpieces of Charles Wesley could be used in the services of the Roman Catholic church, just as some of Faber's beautiful hymns are used in Protestant churches. Churches may anathematize each other in their prayers, but in their hymns they can all unite and forget for a time the party walls of opinion and prejudice that separate them.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious king."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now ; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold :
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1850.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess of Wales and future queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, whom no one ever dreamed then of being a king, was poorer than many a burgher in the same street. She and her two sisters, now the Czarina of Russia and Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantly furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years as the happiest of her life.

Did you ever hear a very ritch man sing?
JOSH BILLINGS.

THE DUMB HERO.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full. The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound, and turned away.

When they looked again, the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West, passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men, and frolicking boys had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

Dare we assert that when the limp body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track, the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness? —Rev. F. M. Todd.

THE SKYLARK'S WONDERFUL SONG.

"Birds of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumbersome." —Hogg.

The wonder of the English skylark's song is its copiousness and sustained strength. There is no theme, no beginning or end, like most of our best bird-songs, but a perfect swarm of notes pouring out like bees from a hive. . . . We have many more melodious songsters; the bobolink in the meadows, the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood wagtail. . . . But our birds all stop where the English skylark has only just begun. Away he goes on quivering wing, inflating his throat fuller and fuller, mounting and mounting, and turning to all points of the compass as if to embrace the whole landscape in his song, the notes still raining upon you as distinct as ever, after you have left him far behind. . . . The lark sings long after other birds are silent—as if he had perpetual spring in his heart.—John Burroughs.

Write benefits on marble—injuries, on sand.

Dress a man as a woman dresses, and you will freeze him to death.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Information.*

3d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.*

4th, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

5th, *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

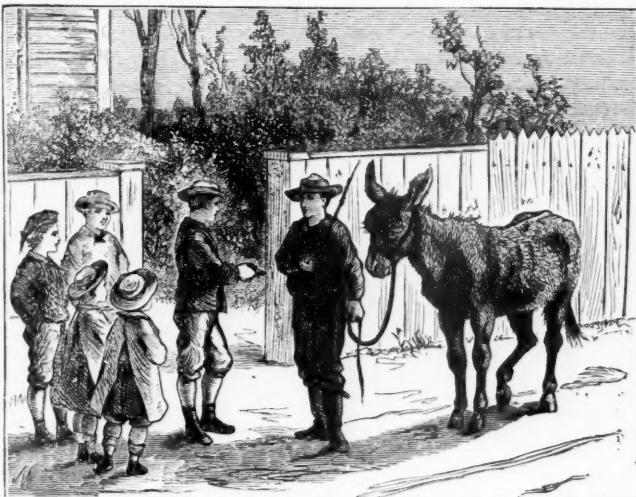
5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES OF PARIS.

The slaughter-houses of Paris are clean; no offensive odor frightens the animals to be killed; no worrying and fretting, no unnecessary cruelty. The animals are brought to the block quietly from clean stalls, where they were fed and cared for as though intended for a long life. Feverish excitement and cruelty produce unwholesome meat and cause disease among consumers.—*Mrs. Schaffter, in New Orleans Picayune.*



THE DONKEY WE BOUGHT FOR TWO DOLLARS.

THE PRESS OF MEXICO.

The interest the press of Mexico is beginning to manifest in the suppression of bull fights is, in our opinion, a direct result of missionary work. The big and powerful journals, perhaps, would never have thought had not *Our Dumb Animals* been sent regularly to them and called their attention to the atrocious cruelty of the so-called "sport" of bull fighting.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



THE SAME DONKEY, AFTER THREE MONTH'S KIND TREATMENT.

A COAL DEALER'S HEART.

A coal dealer in the suburbs was called upon at his office by a poor, hard-working woman and requested to send a basket of coal to her home. "We do not deliver so small a quantity," was the merchant's reply. "It is our invariable rule never to deliver less than a quarter of a ton." "But I cannot pay for so much," was the pitiful confession, "and I have left my little children at home in a fireless room. What am I to do?" "Well," returned the dealer, a kindlier light beaming in his eye, "I can not depart from my rules as to the quantity." Then turning to his clerk he continued: "John, have a quarter of a ton of coal sent to the woman's address as soon as possible." "But I can not pay for so much," she expostulated. "I already understand that you can't, so I will charge it to the children. Give yourself no more uneasiness about the debt. Good morning!"—*Boston Budget.*

I WISH I WAS AN INJUN.

A six-year old boy wrote his first composition on water. "Water is good to drink, to bathe in, and to skate on. When I was a little baby, the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves once in ten years. *I wish I was an Injun!*"

DOCKING HORSES, \$100.

New York is stepping in behind Boston in the way of punishing snobs for docking horses' tails. E. D. Morgan, the young millionaire banker, who has a large stock farm a mile from Hempstead, L. I., last week gave orders to have the tails of 30 of his blooded horses docked. The horses, nearly all thoroughbreds, were placed in a frame vise near the stables, and each in turn had its tail cut off short. The animals were screwed up in the vise so that they could not make a movement. Then the knife was applied, and after the greater part of the tail had been chopped off, a red-hot iron was applied to the bleeding wound to cauterize it. The poor animals screamed one after the other as they were led up to the vise. Mr. Bergh's agents are after the young idiot. It is hoped that he will be dealt with soundly.—*Boston Record*, Feb. 26, 1889.

We have already obtained three convictions in Massachusetts for this crime, and I hereby offer a prize of one hundred dollars for evidence by which our society shall convict any person in this vicinity of this crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

Never permit your check-rein to be so tight that your horse cannot put his head where he wants to when pulling up hill. How would you like to have your head tied up with a tight check-rein?

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

At the February meeting of the directors on the 20th, President Angell announced that Mrs. William Appleton would pay the cost of horses and driver of the society's ambulance for disabled animals in all cases where the owners were poor; also that the ambulance could be procured at any hour of the night by application at police stations.

It was voted to offer a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the society should convict persons of violating the law by the docking the tail of any horse in Boston or vicinity.

The society's Boston agents dealt with 166 cases of cruelty during the past month, took 32 horses from work, and mercifully killed 42 horses and other animals; 121 new branches of the Society's Parent Band of Mercy were formed during the month, making the total number 6556.

At a meeting of the American Humane Education Society, held just after the above, Mr. Angell reported over \$1,800 collected for the new society, and the following were elected vice-presidents: Gov. Ames, Chief Justice Morton, Archbishop Williams, Bishop Paddock, Hon. William E. Sheldon, Hon. T. W. Bicknell, Rev. Francis E. Clark, Frances E. Willard, and Georgiana Kendall.

It was voted to offer to all American editors a prize of \$300 for the best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime."

BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to report this month in other columns one hundred and twenty-one new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a grand total of six thousand five hundred and fifty-six.

EVERY PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

We send a copy of this paper with *Editor's Supplement* to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in the United States.

40,000 COPIES.

With the aid of our *Missionary*, and Humane Educational fund, we print forty thousand copies of this paper, also seventeen thousand copies of a supplement for Editors.

Of our December number we printed forty thousand copies to supply Colleges and Universities, and seventy thousand copies of our College Supplement to supply college students.

A PLEASANT LETTER ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It was a great pleasure to receive on Washington's birthday from one of the most prominent, influential and highly respected citizens of Boston, whose name we are sorry we are not permitted to give, the following letter:

Feb. 21, 1889.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir:—I watch carefully what you are doing. I read diligently every number of your paper—*more diligently than any other paper that comes to me*. I enclose herewith check for one hundred dollars which I should be glad to have you use in any way you think best, but please do not use my name.

[We pass this check at once into the fund of our new "American Humane Education Society" and shall send him with our kindest thanks a certificate of "Active Life Membership."]

SIXTY-EIGHT WISCONSIN TOWNS.

We are glad to receive an order from W. P. Stearns, of Munroe, Wis., (accompanied by draft), to send "Our Dumb Animals" for one year to the principals of public schools in sixty-eight Wisconsin towns. Mr. Stearns' letter closes as follows: "*The American Humane Society* is just what is wanted to make every member of the 'Bands of Mercy' feel that it is a permanent National Society."

BUFFALO, N. Y., SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We are glad to receive an order for a large package of sample numbers of this paper, to be used in introducing it into the Sunday schools of Buffalo.

A NOACHIAN DELUGE.

By some mistake "*The Journal of Education*" recently announced in four and a half lines that their readers by sending to us could obtain, *this paper one year gratis*. The result has been a Noachian deluge of letters and postals which we cannot attempt to answer. What we do promise will be found under the head of "*Band of Mercy*," on the third page of this paper, and that is the only promise we have made.

EXTRACTS FROM PLEASANT LETTERS.

In Nomine Domine Jesu.

DAYTON, Ohio, Feb. 9, 1889.
I have just been reading your address to "the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Nashville, Tenn., and want 100 copies or more, and will pay for them if you will send the bill. It is a grand, noble plea for the dumb creatures of "Our Father." My heart throbs and my eyes fill as I read it. Next week I hope to start the work of forming "Bands of Mercy," and to send you new "Bands," until every school in this city and county has them."

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 18, 1889.
Send you the enclosed check for fifty dollars for your "American Humane Education Society." Consider this the most important work that has ever been started. May A. D. FOGG.

MUSKOGEE, Indian Territory, Feb. 13, 1889.
I have organized a "Band of Mercy." Our number of members is increasing every week. I hope to organize other Bands here.

S. A. C.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 14, 1889.
All the "Loyal Temperance Legions," of this city will hold a public meeting the second Sunday in March. "In each has been organized a "Band of Mercy," and this is to be the subject of our meeting. Please send me, etc.

A. J. B.

BRISTOL, CONN., Feb. 18, 1889.
Enclose order for subscription for sixty-five copies of "Our Dumb Animals."

L. J. U.

SEAL OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

We are glad to put before our readers the seal of our "American Humane Education Society." The words engraved on it tell exactly the objects for which it has been organized and incorporated.

VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

As first Vice-Presidents we have elected His Excellency Oliver Ames, Governor of Massachusetts; His Honor Marcus Morton, Chief Justice of our Supreme Judicial Court; The Most Reverend Archbishop John F. Williams; the Right Reverend Bishop Benjamin H. Paddock; the Hon. Wm. E. Sheldon; the Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell; the Reverend Francis E. Clark, President of "The National Societies of Christian Endeavor;" Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, President of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union;" and Miss Georgiana Kendall, of New York City. Subsequent Vice-Presidents and Honorary Members will be elected from those who by large gifts or active work aid the society.

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership will be sent to all who join our "American Humane Education Society."

On the back we have had printed the last three verses of that beautiful hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, beginning

*"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."*

We give the whole in another column.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was organized January 16th. Over \$1900 has been thus far paid into its treasury.

Its first act is to authorize a prize of \$300 to American Editors, as appears in another column.

Its second will be to employ an earnest missionary whom I know and hope to have at work in less than thirty days.

Missionaries are needed in every State and Territory to form humane societies, distribute humane literature and preach the gospel of mercy to every living creature.

I will send out missionaries just as fast as you, kind readers, will give me the means to do it.

I am glad to work without pay, but others cannot.

For every five hundred dollars sent me for the purpose, I will undertake to keep at work a live missionary one year.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was organized on January 16th, and is now ready to receive donations and begin work.

Its President, Secretary, Trustees of Permanent Fund, and offices are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Its directors are selected from our best citizens and others who have shown special interest in humane education. Among them are Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Dean of the Boston University Law School; Hon. Charles L. Flint, President of the New England Mortgage Company, and for many years President of the Boston School Board; Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, ex-Mayor of Boston; Hon. Daniel Needham, Hon. Henry B. Hill, Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., Vice-President of the Parent American Band of Mercy, Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. S. C. Cobb, Miss Florence Lyman. No officer is to be paid a single penny for services rendered. Its office rents will be paid by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Its literature will be furnished by the same society at the bare cost of printing.

Its object is to carry unsectarian humane education gratuitously outside the State of Massachusetts, throughout the country and the continent, and by the employment of suitable agents to establish Bands of Mercy and Humane Societies wherever they are most needed.

It is intended that not a single dollar shall be wasted, or used otherwise than with strict economy.

Active life memberships are \$100. Associate life memberships \$50. Active annual memberships \$10. Associate annual memberships \$5.

If I were a rich man I would give it \$50,000 and enter at once upon plans of humane education proportionate to that sum.

As it is, I give it without restriction real estate valued at \$1600; also other real estate of equal value, upon condition that if needed during my life-time, it shall be returned to me. I shall deem it a pleasure to give my time, thoughts and best judgment to this society, as to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, without other compensation than the satisfaction I derive from seeing the progress of the work. All persons wishing further information are respectfully invited to write me for the same.

Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

The American Humane Education Society.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. CHARLES L. FLINT, Treasurer.

The Massachusetts Society FOR THE Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
CHARLES FAIRCHILD, Treasurer.

Trustees of Permanent Funds of both Societies :

SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Esq., HON. SAMUEL C. COBB, GEO. T. ANGELL.

\$50,000—A QUESTION.

If you had \$50,000 given you for your "American Humane Education Society," Mr. Angell, what would you do with it?

Hire, to-morrow morning, another office adjoining our present ones, which are now over-crowded — put book-shelves around its sides, and a large reading table in the centre — gather there for public use every book and publication in the English language that can help our work — employ a lady type-writer, and keep her constantly occupied — offer prizes to the clergy and teachers of the country, as I have already to college students and editors. [No essays written will be lost. They will come out as sermons, or papers at educational meetings, just as editors' essays will come out as editorials.]

I would seek at once for the right man, or woman, to do just what I have been doing the past twenty years — go over the country — address legislatures, colleges, universities, conventions of clergy, educational meetings, public and private schools, union meetings of churches on Lord's days — arouse public sentiment — form humane societies and bands of mercy.

I would employ women to do the same work in our field that is being done so effectively by the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" all over this country in theirs. I would send ten times the amount of humane literature into every American State and Territory that has ever been sent before. I would hire space in the reading columns of influential papers of the country [as I have already done to some extent] and fill it. I would arrange with American publishers of school books to put in all "School Readers," with illustrative pictures, if pos-

sible, such gems of humane literature as "Ben Hazzard's Guests," "The Dumb Hero," and "Why the Quaker bought a Horse," [which appear in other columns of this paper]. I would endeavor to arrange with publishers of illustrated papers widely read by American boys, to introduce humane departments.

I would publish a large variety of cheap pictorial cards with stories for children.

I would try to have pictorial cards hung in every school-room.

I would gather from all humane literature the best songs and unsectarian hymns, like that written by Edmund H. Sears, [which will be found in another column, and on the back of our certificates of membership] and would offer prizes for others. I would have them set to heart-stirring music, and offer them, at the bare cost of printing, to every school and Sunday school in America.

I would endeavor to use every faculty God has given me, to carry, as quickly as possible, humane education into American schools and homes — an education that will make the men and women of the future regard wars between christian nations as we now regard the conflicts between christian men and wild beasts in the old Roman amphitheatre — an education which will teach our children that every unnecessary cruelty, either to human being or dumb beast, is a crime.

I would try to make that \$50,000 the most active and useful \$50,000 ever given to a charitable society since "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy."

That is what I would do with \$50,000.

Then if the \$50,000 should grow, as I should hope it might, I would not limit my field to this country, but seek to send printed missionaries, through every language, into the schools and homes of every nation.

"Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The American Humane Education Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President. JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary. HON. CHARLES L. FLINT, Treasurer.

TRUSTEES OF PERMANENT FUND:

SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Esq., HON. SAMUEL C. COBB, GEO. T. ANGELL.

Offices, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A PLAIN BUT IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

The work of these offices has quadrupled in the past few years.

The little "Band of Mercy" we formed less than seven years ago, now records over six thousand five hundred branches.

They reach to British Columbia one way—to Mexico another—to Japan and China a third.

Our humane publications are now going not only over this country, but around the world.

I am nearly sixty-six years old, and must hereafter devote myself to home work.

Invitations are coming to me to address a Legislature in one State—a great mass meeting of the children of the city public schools in another State—and various other important audiences elsewhere.

I cannot accept them.

Who will?

Three names stand out prominent in modern history: *Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Frances E. Willard.*

Wanted a man, or woman, who in our broad field of humane education will, ten or fifteen years hence, be as widely honored and respected as the three above named.

He, or she, must be brave, wise, judicious, eloquent—a man or woman who can be permitted, as I have been, to stand in the churches of all denominations—Protestant and Roman Catholic—address conventions of clergy—conventions of teachers—boards of education — colleges — universities — schools—and when needed, State legislatures.

Such a man or woman is vastly wanted in our work, and is wanted now. I have faith to believe that he or she is now living in America, and can be found.

And I want five thousand dollars given now to our "American Humane Education Society," to be used in paying the necessary expenses of such a missionary.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From March, 1889, "Our Dumb Animals.")

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HUMANE EDUCATION, MR. ANGELL?

I answer.

(1). That which tells the ill effects on *human beings*, of the ill treatment of dumb animals—how it poisons meats and milk—how, even fish killed mercifully as soon as they are caught

are better and more wholesome food than those that suffer before they die—how important *insect eating birds* are to agriculture—how important that they and their nests be protected.

(2). That which teaches how animals should be cared for—the cruelty of tight check reins—the uselessness of blinders—the outrage of docking and thereby depriving horses through life of nature's protection against insects—the importance of animals having proper food, rest, protection from the weather, exercise, kind words, and so far as possible a merciful death.

(3). But infinitely higher and more important, that which tends to prevent all cruelty, both to our own and the lower races—war, bloodshed,—crime of every kind.

(4). Through over sixty years of our own life we can remember the songs and stories of our boyhood. They have influenced our whole life.

(5). While all the other American Colonies were at war with the Indians, the Colony founded by William Penn rested in perfect peace.

(6). In 1878 we called upon President Hayes, at Washington, to ask him to put in his annual message to congress something in regard to the cruel transportation of animals. He said: "when I was at school in Cambridge, Mass., I heard a sermon in regard to animals by the Rev. Dr. Hedge, which I have never forgotten," and he put into his message to congress almost verbatim, what at his request we wrote.

(7). In 1875 we addressed the Faculty and Students of Dartmouth College, on the relation of animals that can speak to those that are dumb.

In 1885, ten years later, at the close of our address to the faculty and students of a University in New Orleans, a gentleman rose in the audience and said, "Some ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College, when Mr. Angell gave an address there on this subject. I had never thought of it before. When I left college no one thought was more strongly impressed on my mind, than that of my duty to the lower animals." He was at that time assistant superintendent, and has since been superintendent of the public schools of Minneapolis.

(8). In 1870 and 71 we spent about six months, and about six hundred dollars founding, at Chicago, the Illinois Humane Society. At that time almost every business man there wanted to borrow money, and was willing to pay from ten to fifteen per cent interest. Although every daily paper of the city helped us, and printed columns we wrote, we should have failed to raise the necessary fund, but for one man who had been taught, when a little boy in New Hampshire,

kindness to animals. In the great stock yards of Chicago alone millions of dumb animals are now properly fed and watered, and largely protected from cruelty every year, because that little boy was taught kindness to animals.

(9). Under Divine Providence there is no greater power in this world than the power of education.

Because we believe this, we believe that an education to stop wars, and poverty, and cruelty, and crime, is ten thousand times more important than prosecutions, prisons, and a vast array of public charities which deal only with the rotten branches of a semi-barbarous civilization.

And so from the whole field of literature, we are constantly seeking to gather every poem, song and story, which will touch the hearts of our readers, and promote in them the growth of the principles of peace, temperance, justice, mercy, kindness to every living creature.

We strive first to make the pages of our publications so interesting, that all, old and young, will read, and then to have in every one some things that once read will not be forgotten.

(10). When we offer a prize of \$100 to the undergraduates in all our American Colleges and Universities for the best essay on "the effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime." [as we have recently done] and send to all their libraries bound volumes of our publications, and to them individually condensed information on the subject, and when we now in this paper offer to all American Editors a prize of \$300 for a similar essay, and send to them this paper with an "editorial supplement" for their use, we refer to the last named kind of humane education—that which will make the whole world of humanity happier and better, and bring a blessing to every living creature.

How best to accomplish this is for our essayists to say, but we suspect they will find no better foundation to build on, than to teach the children in all our schools and homes to feed the birds, and pat the horses, and always act and speak kindly to the dumb creatures they are meeting perhaps a hundred times a day.

Fathers may be cruel, mothers may be cruel, brothers and sisters may be cruel. It may be impossible in many instances to teach kindness to them. But even in the homes of crime, hearts may be made more tender by kind acts and words to the dumb creatures that always return love for love.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

OUR NEW AMBULANCE.

We have had great pleasure in reading the kind notices which the various Boston daily and weekly papers have given of our new ambulance and its generous donor, Mrs. Wm. Appleton.

BOSTON COACHMEN'S BAND OF MERCY.

We are glad to learn that Boston coachmen have organized a large "Band of Mercy." With the coachmen's "Band of Mercy"—over six hundred Boston policemen members of our Society—forty-four drinking fountains for horses kept running all winter—our splendid new ambulance, said to be the best ever manufactured—one hour addresses given in our sixty-one large public schools—bound volumes of this paper sent to each school—about sixty thousand copies of humane leaflets distributed in the schools—with all these, Boston horses ought to be well cared for.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—FLORIDA—CHINA.

We are glad to receive on this February 8th, by same mail a letter from Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, President of the "British Columbia Woman's Christian Temperance Union," requesting that all the "Loyal Legions" of British Columbia, may become also Bands of Mercy. Another from Jacksonville, Florida, asking us to supply the Legislature of that State for four months with copies of "Our Dumb Animals" to aid the enactment of a law against cruelty to animals; and a third ordering humane literature for a "Band of Mercy" in Shanghai, China.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

It is most cheering to know how energetically this powerful organization of two hundred thousand, or more, Christian women, are taking hold of our Band of Mercy work. We are in almost daily receipt of letters from their officers in various parts of the country.

Among the more recent, are those from Mrs. H. B. Wisner, State Superintendent of juvenile work in Ohio, and Miss Addie Northam, State Superintendent of juvenile work in Illinois, proposing to introduce Bands of Mercy into all their juvenile organizations, and to-day we are in receipt of a letter from our good friend Anna Gordon, known to every member of the W. C. T. U. in America, asking us to send literature and suggestions to Mrs. Helen G. Rice, National Superintendent of juvenile work. It looks to us now as though our "Bands of Mercy" are destined to be established, sooner or later, in nearly every city, town and village of this whole country.

To the above we add a letter just received from the President of the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, enclosing order for humane literature.

Dear friend :—"I am exceedingly anxious that 'Bands of Mercy' be incorporated with the Loyal Temperance Legions in our State."

HENRIETTA L. MONROE.

A GOOD THOUGHT.
We have been recently told that the President of one of our large railroads has offered a prize to the conductor who shall become most distinguished for his politeness to passengers. And there is a lively competition.



OUR FRIEND'S FRIEND. ROGER.

OUR FRIEND'S FRIEND, ROGER.

Probably no man in Boston is more pleasantly known to a greater number of people than William H. Baldwin, President of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Union." Mr. Baldwin has in his family a so-called "dumb" friend whose name is "Roger." Roger's portrait has hung for several years in our office, within reach of our hand. We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers "Roger" and the following letter from President Baldwin.

BOSTON, January 24, 1889.

President Angell,

Dear Friend:—From your deep interest in animals you may be pleased to know of the following striking proof of the power of memory and lasting affection as shown by my dog "Roger," the English mastiff whose picture I gave you a few years ago.

"Roger," when presented to me in October, 1879, was a handsome pup of about six weeks old, bright and attractive, and we all, of our household, soon became warmly attached to him. He was placed in the special charge of one of my sons who became thoroughly interested in the care of him, and who during his years of study in Boston and Cambridge never ceased to keep a watchful eye over this animal pet of the household.

In 1886, my son left Boston for the West, and has not been home for about two and one-half years until about two weeks since. As he had written us of his proposed visit, we often speculated upon the question whether Roger would remember his old master when they should meet again after such a long separation.

Recently my son reached Boston and his home late in the evening, and when the waiting members of the family met him in the entry Roger was lying asleep in a rear room, on the same floor. Hearing the commotion, Roger raised himself up slowly and walked along, evidently to see who had come into the house.

Before my son had raised his voice "Old Roger" stood before him, looked up into his face, put his nose to one of his hands and up his arm, then gave a spring, placed his two fore-feet upon the shoulders of his old friend, lapping his face and forehead, his teeth chattering all the time as though he were trying to express by language the joy of his heart. For the next fifteen minutes he was at his feet, jumping continually upon him, and in many ways giving evidence to the family of his great

joy at again seeing his friend who had cared for him so many years in the past.

The scene was one which the members of my family present will never forget, we all declaring it to be the most convincing proof of the power of memory and lasting affection of that special class of animals, the useful family-dog, protector, and friend, such a one as we have for more than nine years always found in our faithful "Roger." Yours very truly,

WM. H. BALDWIN.

NEW ORLEANS.

We are glad to learn by letter from Mrs. Schaffter, of "the Picayune," that the Louisiana Society Prevention Cruelty to Animals has an office—two agents—and is making several arrests weekly. We shall never forget New Orleans, or the winter we passed there, during which the society was organized, or the friends we met there, or the audiences white and colored we had the pleasure of addressing there.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

We are glad to receive a call for help to establish a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Ann Arbor, which, as the seat of the largest University in America, is one of our most important American towns. We have very pleasant recollections of the Sunday we stopped there, on our last trip West, and the fine, intelligent audience we had the pleasure of addressing in one of the churches Sunday evening.

FLASH, THE FIREMEN'S HORSE.

We take pleasure in saying that this beautiful poem in last number of this paper was taken from "Will Carleton's City Ballads," published by Harper & Brothers, New York. We found it in a paper without credit.

ILLINOIS.

We are glad to learn by letter from John G. Shortall, Esq., President of the Illinois Humane Society, that he proposes to attempt to obtain a law in Illinois similar to ours, prohibiting the shooting of pigeons from traps for sport.

SHORT LETTERS.

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices.

[We intend to put the following poem in "Our Dumb Animals" at least once a year.]

BEN HAZZARD'S GUESTS.

Ben Hazzard's hut was smoky and cold,
Ben Hazzard, half-blind, was black and old,
And he cobbled shoes for his scanty gold.
Sometimes he sighed for a larger store
Wherewith to bless the wandering poor,
For he was not wise in worldly lore;
The poor were Christ's, he knew no more.
One night a cry from the window came—
Ben Hazzard was sleepy and tired and lame—
" Ben Hazzard, open," it seemed to say,
" Give shelter and food, I humbly pray."
Ben Hazzard lifted his woolly head
To listen. " Tis awful cold," he said,
And his old bones shook in his ragged bed.
" But the wanderer must be comforted."
" Come in, in the name of the Lord," he cried,
And he opened the door and held it wide.
A milk-white kitten was all he spied.
Ben Hazzard, amazed, stared up and down;
The stout house-doors were carefully shut,
Safe bolted were all but old Ben's hut.
" I thought that somebody called," he said,
" Some dream or other got into my head!
Come then, poor puss, and share my bed."
Then out from the storm, the wind, and the
sleet,
Puss joyfully lay at old Ben's feet.
Truly it was a terrible storm.
Ben feared he should never more be warm.
But just as he began to be dozy,
And puss was purring soft and cozy,
A voice called faintly before his door,
" Ben Hazzard, Ben Hazzard, help, I implore!
Give drink, and a crust from out your store."
Out from his bed he stumbled again;
" Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said:
" With such as I have, thou shalt be fed."
Only a little black dog he saw,
Whining and shaking a broken paw.
" Well, well," he cried, " I must have dreamed;
But verily like a voice it seemed.
Poor creature," he added, with husky tone,
" Thou shalt have the whole of my marrow-
bone."
He went to the cupboard and took from the
shelf
The bone he had saved for his very self.
Then, after binding the broken paw,
Half dead with cold went back to his straw.
Under the ancient blue bedquilt he crept,
His conscience was white, and again he slept.
But again a voice called, both loud and clear,
" Ben Hazzard, for Christ's sweet sake come
here!"
Once more he stood at the open door,
And looked abroad, as he looked before;
This time full sure 'twas a voice he heard,
But all that he saw was a storm-tossed bird.
" Come in, in the name of the Lord," he said,
Tenderly raising the drooping head,
And, tearing his tattered robe apart,
Laid the cold bird on his own warm heart.
The sunrise flashed on the snowy thatch,
As an angel lifted the wooden latch.
Ben awoke in a flood of golden light,
And knew the voice that called all night,
" Thrice happy is he that blesseth the poor,
The humblest creature that sought thy door
For Christ's sweet sake thou hast comforted."
" Nay, 'twas not much," Ben humbly said,
With a rueful shake of his old gray head.
" Who giveth all of his scanty store
In Christ's dear name, can do no more.
Behold the Master who waiteth for thee,

*Saith: " Giving to them thou hast given to
Me."*

Then, with heaven's light on his face, " Amen,
I come in the name of the Lord," said Ben.
" Frozen to death," the watchman said,
When at last he found him in his bed,
With a smile on his face so strange and bright,
He wondered what old Ben saw that night.

—ANNA P. MARSHALL, in the *Congregationalist*.

HOW THE PIGEONS WERE SHOT.

From the N. Y. World of Jan. 2.

About seventy-five members of the Westminster Kennel Club and their guests went down to Babylon, L. I., yesterday morning to kill pigeons, or to applaud the shooting of them. Over five hundred tame birds had been sent to the club-house a few days previous for the slaughter, and a special train from Long Island City conveyed the elegantly attired sportsmen to the Babylon station, where they were met by covered wagons which carried them to the headquarters of the club, two miles from the depot.

It was 11 o'clock when guns, cartridges and shooters appeared to begin the slaughter. Mr. G. Floyd Jones shot the first bird. The little thing, a beautiful slate-colored pigeon, flew heavenward for a second and then fell fluttering with one wing and a leg broken. Evidently Mr. Jones pitied the bird when he noticed it suffering, for he shot again and made the feathers fly, but he did not kill it. " The dog," shouted the man in the box, and off darted a trusty red Irish setter for the bird. He grabbed it in his mouth and carried it to the man at the bird crates, who wrung its neck. Next came Mr. G. De Forrest Grant, with his gun and a smile. He had on an English traveling cap, and he wore a yellow and black striped jacket, with a monogram W. K. C. embroidered in different colored silk. When the trap was pulled the bird darted up and fell a second later maimed in front of its trap. There were hardly any birds killed outright. Most of them were maimed badly and were gasping for breath when put into the hands of the employee, who wrung their necks. Sometimes the birds flew directly towards their executioner as if for protection, but a dose of shot quickly laid them low. One brown and white speckled bird succeeded in escaping with a broken leg and pierced wing. It flew to the gun-house and tried to balance itself on its one leg on the shingled roof. It toppled over, fell nearly to the ground, recovered itself, tried again to gain a perch on the roof, trembled a few seconds, and then flew away to fall helpless in the grass.

[We thank God that this cruel business has been abolished in Massachusetts.]

It required some hard work to get a law, making these wealthy sportsmen criminals. But we succeeded; and in the first and only case in which the law was violated, we had the violators promptly arrested, convicted and sentenced, and that settled the question so far as Massachusetts is concerned.

Our shooting clubs adopted clay pigeons and other contrivances, and now have a harmless and humane sport, which they can invite their wives and little daughters to witness.—EDITOR.]

Fish should be killed by a sharp blow on the back of the head as soon as taken from the water. They will keep longer and taste better if they do not suffer before dying.

MAD DOG.

In a Boston paper of over 100,000 circulation appeared on January 27, a highly sensational article with heavy head-lines, " Hot Fight with a Mad Dog" [in Dedham.] It probably frightened two hundred thousand people, perhaps more, and was copied very likely into other papers over the country to frighten perhaps two millions more. I called next morning upon the owner of the dog, a prominent citizen of Dedham. He was indignant at the publication of such an article, and said the dog was not mad at all, but simply sick.

On January 30th, in the same paper, appeared another article on a *mad dog in Beverly*. I immediately ordered an investigation, and have before me now a letter from the Chief of Police of Beverly, that the dog was not mad and nothing the matter with him. That Mr. Woodbury, the man reported as bitten, held a piece of meat in his hand, and whether the dog bit him or scratched with his paw a small place on his hand is a question.

These are samples of many newspaper reports of *mad dog* I have had investigated without finding one that would hold water.

Our Boston City Registrar told me a few years ago, that in the registry of deaths in his office for about thirty years, only two *alleged* deaths by hydrophobia had been reported.

Many of our most eminent physicians think it a doubtful question whether hydrophobia, like witchcraft, is anything more than a disease of the imagination. I could fill columns with evidence if I had space and time.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The wife of a United States Senator tells the following incident:—She said to the distinguished Alexander H. Stephens, formerly Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, " Come and see my canary bird that has just died." " No," said Mr. Stephens; " I cannot look at a dead bird with any composure; it almost makes me shed tears."

" BOSTON PILOT" ON THE CHECK-REIN.

If you care for the comfort of your horses take off all the check-reins and destroy them. Nature knows how a horse ought to hold his head. The check-rein is torture and barbarism. No matter what else you forget about a horse, remember this. You can't forget it anyway; and even if you keep on the check-rein after this you will never look at it without knowing that you are doing a cruel thing.—ED. PILOT.

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross
A follower of the lamb?

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'd join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MASS. LAWS REQUIRE KINDNESS TO ANIMALS TO BE TAUGHT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

About two years ago we had the pleasure of sending to every public school teacher in Massachusetts a letter from the Hon. J. W. Dickinson, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, informing them that Section 15 of Chapter 44 of the Public Statutes of Massachusetts "makes it the legal, as well as moral, duty of every teacher in the Commonwealth to teach kindness to the lower animals." We trust that all our public school teachers who have come into the work since have been informed of this law.

In our great Abattoir at Brighton a large portion of the cattle are killed instantly by a single rifle bullet in the head.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ARE ANIMALS GRATEFUL?

One very cold day two years ago, when coming from town, we saw in a lonely spot by the roadside two little kittens sitting on a tree, their tracks visible through the deep snow *from where they had been thrown out by a passing team.* My husband waded through the snow to his knees, and found them trembling with cold. We took them home. Now they are the nicest of cats and seldom fail a day to show their gratitude by jumping into my lap and reaching up to rub their heads against my face. My husband often comes in from milking and says, "*Lilly, kissed me this morning.*" *Lilly* is a cow gentle and kind as a kitten and often while he is cleaning her manger she will lap his face with her tongue.

E. B. A.



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

In the spring of 1869, we first had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished lady, then said to be the richest woman in the world, and because of her magnificent gifts to public charities much loved by the English people.

Worn out with a year's work in the organization of our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we crossed the ocean for rest.

On June 14th, we addressed the Board of Directors of the Royal Society P. C. to Animals, London, presided over by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, urging the importance of *humane education* and of establishing a paper, similar to the one we had established in Massachusetts a year before; and of the first number of which we had printed *two hundred thousand copies*.

At the close of this hearing, which resulted in the society's beautiful monthly, the "*Animal World*," which at the falls of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, some two months later, we had the pleasure of helping Mr. Colam of the Royal Society name, we were waited upon by her ladyship's secretary with an invitation to dine with herself and friends the next day.

We accepted and had, after dinner, the pleasure of laying before her and them our plans for the formation of a "*Ladies Humane Education Society, or Committee*," of which she should be President, and which should enlist the influential ladies of England, *1st, to carry humane education into all the schools of Great Britain, and 2nd, to interest the most influential ladies near the various courts of Europe to form similar organizations for a similar purpose.* We left her residence at about eleven o'clock P. M., not knowing what might be the result, but a few weeks later had the pleasure of reading in the "*London Times*" a letter from her, in which she stated that she had promised an American gentleman, Mr. Angell, that she would do all she could to promote *humane education*, and

called upon all teachers, the "*Council of Education*," and the "*National Society's Board of Education*," to introduce *humane teachings* into the schools.

On our return to England we had, in company with Mr. Colam, a second hearing before the Baroness and her friends, also before the Royal Society and its President, the Earl of Harrowby, resulting in the immediate formation of the "*Ladies Humane Educational Committee*," of which the Baroness has ever since been President, and which has done and is now doing a wonderful work in Great Britain, *one of the results of which, as our good friend Catharine Smithies wrote us in December, 1875, was the formation by her of the first Band of Mercy in the world.*

The Baroness, as everybody knows, subsequently married an American gentleman of whom she thought so highly, that she willingly forfeited a considerable portion of her large wealth by marrying him.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THEY BOUGHT THE BIRD.

Twenty-three Bands of Mercy have been formed in the public schools of Vincennes, Indiana. One day Tommy Alsop and Riley Adams, ten years old, saw Charlie Dutton with a bird. He had a long string tied to its feet, and was amusing himself by letting it fly up and then drawing it down. Tommy chided the boy, but his sense of property was strong, and he replied that the bird was his and he would do with it as he chose. The boys then offered to buy it. The boy Dutton agreed to take four marbles. The bargain was concluded, when Tommy and Riley let the bird go free. They believed in finding a way or else making one. Older philanthropists might profit by their example.

[The above is kindly sent us by Mr. Edward Taylor, Superintendent of the Public schools of Vincennes].

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

6436 Three Oaks, Mich.
Bunker Hill Band.
P., Geo. Mangold.
S., Lucy E. Sutherland.

6437 Bath, Me.
Lend a Hand Band.
P., Alice May Douglass.

6438 Baltimore, Md.
Excelsior Band.
P., M. A. Elliott.

6439 Turlock, Cal.
P., Rev. L. N. Barber.

6440 Lathrop, Cal.
P., Rev. H. R. Holsinger.

6441 Nasonville, Wis.
Forest Band.
P., Mrs. L. W. Lee.

6442 Covington, Ga.
P., Thos. L. Cottin.

6443 Salisbury, Md.
Trying Band.
P., Mrs. M. A. Cooper.

6444 Jeffersonville, Ind.
Public Schools.
Pansy Band.
P., Chas. F. Fox.

6445 Lily Band.
P., Alice Hoover.

6446 May Bells Band.
P., Ada McElhinney.

6447 Berkley, Mass.
Ready & Willing Band.
P., Julia R. Burt.

6448 Oakland Cal.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. L. E. Cheadle.

6449 Columbus, Ind.
Public Schools.
Rose Band.
P., Jennie E. Snyder.

6450 Working Band.
P., Anna Nicol.

6451 Golden Rule Band.
P., S. M. Glick.

6452 Oriole Band.
P., Fannie T. Pope.

6453 Pansy Band.
P., L. Wetz.

6454 Lily Band.
P., Sarah Lindley.

6455 Robin Band.
P., Zue Shirk.

6456 Rose-bud Band.
P., Mary L. Veach.

6457 Canary Band.
P., May Brown.

6458 Columbia, Ind.
Public Schools.
Daisy Band.
P., Clara Shultz.

6459 Violet Band.
P., Flora Jackson.

6460 Excelsior Band.
P., J. S. Rose.

6461 Tulip Band.
P., Jennie Hayes.

6462 Never Fail Band.
P., Ada Hofer.

6463 Sun-flower Band.
P., F. Grove.

6464 Star Band.
P., J. T. Donaker.

6465 Hope Band.
P., M. B. Keith.

6466 Thrush Band.
P., Mrs. L. S. Reeve.

6467 Lark Band.
P., May Clark.

6468 Sunshine Band.
P., L. M. Summers.

6469 Eau Claire, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Joseph Swearingen.

6470 Amnandale, S. C.
Camp Main Band.
P., Mrs. Judith Armstrong.

6471 Chattanooga, Tenn.
H. D. Wyatt Kindness Band.
P., Mrs. M. R. H. Moore.

6472 Jackson, Mich.
P., Anna Halpin.

6473 Milwaukee, Wis.
P., Louise Kellogg.

6474 Princeton, Iowa.
Pleasant Grove Band.
P., Josie E. Suiter.
S., Lorena B. Cutting.

6475 Yorkshire Centre, N. Y.
P., Ida Brown.
S., Mrs. Eva M. Howe.

6476 Marnoch, Ontario, Can.
The Young Hero's Band.
P., Elliott Richmond.

6477 Baltimore, Md.
Kindness Band.
P., Mary L. Schoolfield.

6478 Philadelphia, Pa.
Union M. E. Church L. L. Band.
P., Miss Carrigan.
S., Lizzie S. Blackwell.

6479 Kansas City, Mo.
Switzer School Band.
P., Katie Anderson.
S., Edna Dampman.

6480 Salisbury, N. C.
New Hope Band.
P., Thomas Holman.
S., Geo. Clement.

6481 Jamestown, N. Y.
Pearl City Band.
P., A. N. Camp.

6482 Taunton, Mass.
Arlington Union Band.
P., E. M. Hills.
S., Lutie Nelson.

6483 Hopkinton, N. H.
Bennett Band.
P., Annie Merrill.
S., Vira Page.

6484 Seabrook, N. H.
L. T. L. Band.
P., M. E. Fogg.

6485 Napanee, Ontario, Can.
Young Guards Band.
P., Frank D. Price.

6486 South Sudbury, Mass.
The Penguin Band.
P., Jennie P. Hunt.

6487 Dwight, Mass.
The Children's Band.
P., Martha G. Dickinson.

6488 Vallejo, Cal.
Baptist S. S. Band.
P., Minnie Englebright.

6489 Meth. Epis. S. S. Band.
P., Mrs. E. H. Standeck.

6490 Butler, S. C.
P., Janie Crawford.
S., Lizzie Banks.

6491 Alexandria, Neb.
P., Annie Phar.

6492 Manchester, N. H.
St. Paul's Band.
P., Alta D. Willard.

6493 West Kortnight, N. Y.
Annel Webb Band.
P., Mrs. Bayles.

6494 New Richmond, Ohio.
Sweet Violet Band.
P., Helen M. Porter.

6495 Jacksonville, Ill.
Public Schools.
I'll Try Band.
P., Agnes Lusk.

6496 Lily Band.
P., Bessie McLaughlin.

6497 Golden Rule Band.
P., Laura Hammond.

6498 Rose-bud Band.
P., Lois L. Loan.

6499 Pansy Band.
P., Lizzie Wright.

6500 Violet Band.
P., Mattie Y. Morrison.

6501 Canary Band.
P., Hattie Hayden.

6502 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Fannie Lusk.

6503 Red Bird Band.
P., Ida Stevenson.

6504 Wide Awake Band.
P., Jennie Fay.

6505 Mignonette Band.
P., Lola Schaub.

6506 Sparrow Band.
P., Anna McCullough.

6507 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Ella Fanning.

6508 Busy Bee Band.
P., Mittie Smith.

6509 Willing Workers Band.
P., Mary W. French.

6510 Morning Glory Band.
P., M. R. Havenhill.

6511 Rose Band.
P., Mary Smith.

6512 Robin Band.
P., Mrs. Walls.

6513 Dove Band.
P., M. E. Dunlap.

6514 Lilac Band.
P., Jemima King.

6515 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. E. Ramsey.

6516 Ready Workers Band.
P., A. M. Young.

6517 Pansy No. 2 Band.
P., Edith Pratt.

6518 Lily No. 2 Band.
P., Bea Philips.

6519 Golden Rule No. 2 Band.
P., J. Hamlet.

6520 I'll Try No. 2 Band.
P., Josephine Hairgrove.

6521 Red Bird No. 2 Band.
P., Joanna S. Stacy.

6522 Rose No. 2 Band.
P., Clara Mitchell.

6523 Busy Workers No. 2 Band.
P., May Montgomery.

6524 Star Band.
P., Mary L. Maher.

6525 Oriole Band.
P., Mary E. Swan.

6526 Albion, Mich.
Dickie L. T. L. Band.
P., R. S. Avann.

6527 Parkersburg, W. Va.
Mission Band.
P., Mrs. M. M. Snow.
S., Susie Davidson.

6528 New Garden, N. C.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Sallie E. Morris.

6529 New Salem Band.

6530 Loyal Legion Band.

6531 Popular Ridge Band.

6532 Greensboro, N. C.
Mures Chapel Band.
P., J. R. Hancock.

6533 Toronto, Canada.
Rose Ave. School Band.
P., Frank Smallphine.
S., Annie Alexander.

6534 Tescott, Kan.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Julia S. Barton.

6535 Allentown, N. J.
Sunbeam Band.
P., E. P. Ford.

6536 Muskogee, Indian Ter.
The Light Bearers Band.
P., Mrs. S. A. Carey.

6537 Nasonville, Wis.
East Branch Band.
P., Ida Witter.

6538 Waterloo, Iowa.
P., Jessamine H. Cole.

6539 Wahoo, Neb.
P., Geo. Carlisle.

6540 Lincoln, Ill.
Public Schools.
Rose Band.
P., Ella Prentiss.

6541 Lily Band.
P., Selina P. Poe.

6542 Red Bird Band.
P., Zue Buchanan.

6543 Pansy Band.
P., Minnie Humason.

6544 Canary Band.
P., Eunice Cornice.

6545 Busy Bee Band.
P., Helene Danken.

6546 Tulip Band.
P., Kate R. Blair.

6547 Rose-bud Band.
P., M. F. Blair.

6548 Star Band.
P., Cleo Martin.

6549 Golden Rule Band.
P., M. Cogan.

6550 Morning Glory Band.
P., Ella B. Miller.

6551 Blue-bird Band.
P., Nannie Edwards.

6552 Forget-me-not Band.
J., F. Hyde.

6553 Robin Band.
P., E. Edwards.

6554 Greenbird Band.
P., Emma Webster.

6555 Little Workers Band.
P., Adele M. Elliott.

6556 San Francisco, Cal.
Sailors Band.
P., M. B. Edson.

WHY THE QUAKER BOUGHT A HORSE.

During one winter in France the pavements became very slippery by the frost, and did not present any hold for the horses' feet. One of these animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip, striking him over the head with relentless ferocity. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice did he nearly fall, his knees touched the pavement; the carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees, one leg entangled beneath him; he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, which, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed his way among the crowd. Unable to endure this scene for a moment, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm, who turned with a menacing look. "Friend," said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen *louis d'or*, which he held in his hand, "wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?" "What do ye say?" inquired the carter; "will ye give me that sum for the brute?" "Fifteen *louis*," said the Quaker. "But why should ye buy the horse?" "That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse, thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse and assist him to rise." The carter said, "It is a bargain." "Then unshackle the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden." The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places, and such was his terror of the carter that he trembled at his approach. "But I cannot tell why you bought the old brute," said the carter. "I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him," replied the Quaker.—*Eugene Sue.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Most squirrels keep two or more stores of food. Wood, the British naturalist, tells of a friend who found one of these reserve stores which a squirrel had provided for an exigency, and the friend, in a moment of thoughtlessness, determined to play a joke on the squirrel. He accordingly replaced the nuts by small round stones, and carefully concealed all evidences of his visit. One cold day in winter, he passed the spot, and found that the squirrel had called there a short time previously. This he knew by the fact that ten inches of snow had been scratched from the top of the hole, out-side of which the stones had been cast by the disappointed animal. This struck the joker with remorse. He said: "I never felt the folly of practical joking so much in my life. Fancy the poor little fellow, nipped with cold and scanty food, but foreseeing a long winter, resolved to economize his little hoard as long as possible. Fancy him at last determined to break this—perhaps his last—

GOOD COMPANY FOR BOYS.

If you want your boys to have good company, a friend who will not lie, swear, drink, smoke or chew, a friend who will always be faithful and grateful for every kindness, get him a good dog, and teach him to treat the dog kindly.



MARCH ISN'T SO BAD A MONTH.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush in the roses below,
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,
And the snow-bird sings in the snow.

Twee wee!
Chicadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!

The blue martin trills in the gable,
The wren on the ground below,
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snow-bird sings in the snow.

Twee wee!
Chicadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
The wing of the sparrow drops low,
In the mist dips the wing of the robin,
And the snow-bird's wing in the snow.

Twee wee!
Chicadee!

The snow-bird sings in the snow!

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snow-bird's heart in the snow;

But dearest me,
Chicadee! Chicadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

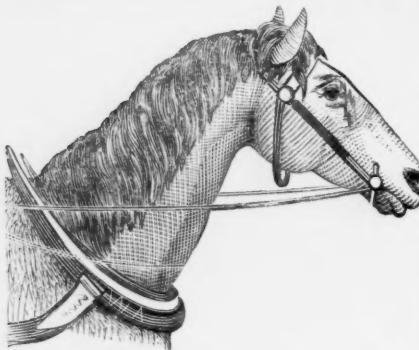
SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

A New Jersey woman took advantage of the "*White Cap*" craze and wrote a threatening letter to her husband to keep him in nights. It worked to a charm.

[We remember a country clergyman in New Hampshire, who used to leave his wife at home alone, while he spent most of his evenings at one of his deacons. One dark night, his wife covered herself with a white sheet and waited for him in a piece of woods between the two houses. When he came she sprang out at him. He took to his heels. An hour later the deacon came home with him, and thereafter he spent his evenings at home.—EDITOR.]

No good teamster or driver will ever harness a small horse tandem before a larger one, in such a manner that he will draw upon the back of the larger. It is cruel.

All domestic animals can be killed, as by our Mass. Society, almost or quite without pain, and ought to be.



Happy Horse — No Blinders or Check-Rein.



Old hunters know that the flesh of deer run by dogs, or tormented just before death, becomes more indigestible and sometimes poisonous. The same is true of all animals that suffer in steel traps, slaughtering or otherwise just before death.

Grocer—"Take that brat out of here. It's bawled, and bawled, and bawled." Indignant Nurse—"I know it's bald, but it will have hair on its head before you will. Don't cry, baby, he's a horrid, bad man, that's wot he is."

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, quarreling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," was the answer.

The easiest way to mark table linen: Leave a baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

Cases Reported at Office in January.

For beating, 26; over-working and over-loading, 8; over-driving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 32; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 24; abandoning, 3; torturing, 10; driving when diseased, 5; general cruelty, 56.

Total, 166.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 75; warnings issued, 42; not found, 8; not substantiated, 26; anonymous, 3; prosecuted, 12; convicted, 10; pending, 1; (No. 174).

Animals taken from work, 32; horses and other animals killed, 42.

Receipts by the Society in January.

FINES.

From Justice Courts.—Dedham, \$1; Georgetown, \$10; Winchendon, \$5.

Police Courts.—Chelsea, \$15.

District Courts.—Quincy, \$30; Southbridge, \$50.

Municipal Courts.—Boston (2 cases), \$20; Brighton District (3 cases), \$14.

Superior Court.—Worcester Co., \$25.

Witness Fees, \$7.55; Total, \$177.55.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. John W. James, \$50; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$16; Mrs. Wm. H. Browne, \$12; Mary Robinson, \$3.50; Union Sunday School, Cotuit, \$1.46.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Francis W. Welch, Richard T. Parker, "A. L. F." Mrs. J. Sullivan Warren, Mrs. Jno. Simpkins, Mrs. J. C. Robinson, Mrs. C. McCullough.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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THREE DOLLARS EACH.

B. L. Crocker, Longley & Allen, G. M. Witter.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Finlaysen Bonsfield & Co., E. L. Watson, L. L. Watson, Geo. W. Olney, Stephen C. Earle, J. W. Howe, Jerome Marble, F. H. Denny, Mrs. Katherine Allen, Edwin Conant, J. Whitman, W. T. Merrifield, L. J. Zahonge, Rev. Calvin Stebbins, E. L. Davis, T. W. Hurlbut, Mrs. Mary N. Todd.

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Total, \$365.96.

MISSIONARY FUND.

Miss Sarah M. Taylor, \$22.50; Mrs. Susie F. Allen, \$1.50. Total, \$24.00.

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Mrs. L. Lon Munroe, \$12.50; A. C. Andrews, \$8.75; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$7.25; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$4.00; News Agencies, \$4.20; Mrs. J. H. Hall, \$3.12; Miss M. Worcester, \$2.50; Miss S. M. Taylor, \$2.50; Mrs. Amy E. Harris, \$2.16; Dr. E. H. Hawks, \$1.80; Edith Babcock, \$1.80.

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TWO DOLLARS.

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OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$170; Publications sold, \$120.28.
Total, \$1,016.47.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Toronto, Canada. Twelfth Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association, Oct. 17, 18, 19, 1888.

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